

Public domain images made available by
the Huntington Library at
hdl.huntington.org (call number 69304).
Formes compiled by Sarah Werner and made
available under a CC BY-NC license at
EarlyPrintedBooks.com.

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shakeſpeare.

As it hath bene ſeverall times acted by his Highneſſe ſer-
vants in the Citie of London : as alſo in the two V-
niuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe where



At London printed for N.L. and Iohn Tondell.
1603.

Printed at the printing-house of Iohn Iamieson,
in the Citie of London: in the year 1603.
By William Shakespeare.

H A M L E T
Tragicall Historie of

1603
Printed at the printing-house of Iohn Iamieson,
in the Citie of London: in the year 1603.

1603.
The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke

Printed in the City of London: by I. I. for I. I.

By William Shakespear.

3 Vols. 8. 1603.

HAMLET

Tragicall Historie of

T H E

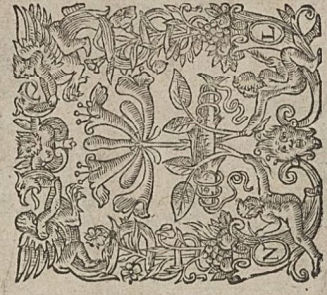
Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke

By William Shakespear.

As it hath bene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else where



London printed for N.L. and John Trundell.
1603.



The Tragical Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that?
2. 'Tis I.
1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,
2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And legemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest foaldier, who hath releas'd you?
1. *Barnardo* hath my place, gues you good night.
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.
2. Say, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peeces of him.

2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* sayes us but our fantastick,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
These-

These-

Hamlet A strove disposition good Lord.
Ham. Nor shall you make me trust
Of your owne report: vntill you see me selfe:
Sir, I know are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Essex*?
Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerals.
Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thinke, thinke, *Horatio*, the funerals bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio*.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you
Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentive care, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the winde of these Gentleman
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hor. Two nights together had these Gentleman,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vault and middle of the night,
Beneath incournered by a figure like your father,
Armed to paynt, exactly *Cerberus*
Apperes before them thirte, he walckes
Before their weake and feare opprest eyes,
Within his trouchions length,

While

Prince of Denmark
The bird of dawning singe shall singe in long
And then they say, no spaine dare walke abroad,
The nightes are whole some, then no plumer frisks,
No Fairst takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So grations, and to hallow'd is that time:
Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in part beleue it:
But see the Sunne in rufflet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon he mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
This Spirit dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you content, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our long sitting our dietes:
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I thus morning know,
Where wee shall finde him most conveniently.
Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Learer, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with attendants.
King. Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortinbras*,
Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
And bedrid, carely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and wee heere dispatch
Yong good *Cornelius*, and you *Falstern*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To buisnesse with the King,
Then those related articles do flaw:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.
Que. In this and all things will wee draw our dutie.
King. Wee doubt nothing, hardly farewell:
And now *Learer*, what's the newes with you?
You said you had a sute what it *Learer*?
Lear. My Gracious Lord, your honorable licence,
Now that the funerals rites are all performed,
B 3

Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
Shankt vp a fight of fawlfelck rebelines
For food and diet to some enterprife,
That hath a stom:cke in it: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.
Enter the Ghost.
But loe behold, see where it comes againe,
He crosse it: though it blast me: stay, I'll hit him,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and giue to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or heorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spites of willke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.
2. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maifestly
call to offer it the flew of violence,
For it is as the ayre inuulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
2. It was about to speake when the Cooke crew.
Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull summons: I haue heard
The Cooke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throat,
Awake the god of day, and at his found,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The fitzragant and erring spirit hies
To his confines, and of the rutch heereof
This present obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cooke,
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Sannous britis is celebratid,
The

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
 Such was the very armor he had on,
 When he the ambitious *Norweg* combated,
 So fownd the once, when in an angry palt
 He smot the flended pollix on the eyes,
 'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
 With Marshall stalk he passed through our watch.
Hor. In what particular to works, I know not,
 But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
 'Tis bedes some strange eruption to the state.
Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knows
 Why this same striker and most obduran watch,
 So mightly royles the fibred of the hand,
 And forzaimeate, for timpliments of warre,
 Why such impresse of ship-writes, whole foure tasks
 Does not divide the sundry from the wecke:
 What might be toward that this sweaty march
 Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
 Who is 't that can informe me?
Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whipper goes fo,
 Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
 Bralle of *Norweg*,
 Thereto prickon by a most enulous cause, dard to
 The coombe, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
 For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
 Did day this Fortenbralle,
 Who by a rare compact well ratified, by law
 And heradine, did forfeit with his life all thoe
 His lands which he hooded seized of by the conqueror,
 Against the which a moiety competent,
 Was gaged by our King:
 Now fir, young Fortenbralle,
 Of inaproued mettles hot and full,

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam,
King. Spoke like a kinde and a most loving Sonne,
 And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
 But
 I may have leane to go againe to *France*,
 For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
 Yet something is there whisps in my hart,
 Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.
King. Have you your fathers leane, *Leartes*?
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced grant,
 And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leane.
King. With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.
Leart. In all loue and dutie take my leane.
King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*,
 What meanes this sad and melancholy moodes?
 For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
 Wee hold it most vnnecet and vnnconuenient,
 Being the loy and halfe heart of your mother.
 Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
 All *Denmarkes* hope our coolin and dearest Sonne.
Ham. My lord, 't's not the fable suite I wear:
 No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
 Nor the diffracted hauiour in the visage,
 Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
 Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
 Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
 These but the ornaments and aires of woe.
King. This newes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
 But you must thinke your father lost a father,
 That father dead, lost his, and so shall be the
 General ending. Therefore cease lament,
 It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
 A fault gainst nature, and in reason
 Common count most certaine,
 None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.
Mar. Let not thy mother loole her prater *Hamlet*,
 Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

But the great Canon to the clowdes shall ell
 The towle the King shall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet*.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieud and salted flesh
 Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
 Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
 O God within two monthes; no no to two: married,
 Mine vncke: O let me not thinke of it,
 My fathers brother: but no more like
 My father, then I to *Heruler*.
 Within two monthes, ere yes, the salt of most
 Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
 In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
 Deuoyd of reason, would not haue made
 Such speede: Fraiine, thy name is Woman,
 Why she would hang on him, as if increafe
 Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
 O wicked wicked speede, to make such
 Dexterrite to incestuous theetes,
 Ere yet the shoes were olde.
 The which she followed my dead fathers coise
 Like *Ayobes*, all teares: married, well it is not,
 Nor it cannot come to good:
 But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Hor. Health to your Lordship.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much
 for get my selfe.
Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant cuer.
Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
 but what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, good counsirs:
 But what is your affaere in *Elfenowre*?
 Wele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor.

Therefore I haue intreated a long while
 To watch the pole, when yonder starre that's west-
 ward from the pole had made his course to
 Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
 The bell then towling one.
Enter Ghost.
Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.
 2. In the same figure like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scoller, speake to it *Horatio*.
 2. Looks it not like the king?
Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
 2. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it *Horatio*.
Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
 Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
 Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
 2. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
 speake.
Mar. 'Tis gone and makes no answer.
 2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
 Is not this something more than fantasie?
 What thinke you on't?
Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleeue, without
 the sensible and true touch of my owne eyes.

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
 Such was the very armor he had on,
 When he the ambitious *Norweg* combated,
 So fownd the once, when in an angry palt
 He smot the flended pollix on the eyes,
 'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
 With Marshall stalk he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to works, I know not,

But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
 'Tis bedes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knows
 Why this same striker and most obduran watch,
 So mightly royles the fibred of the hand,
 And forzaimeate, for timpliments of warre,
 Why such impresse of ship-writes, whole foure tasks
 Does not divide the sundry from the wecke:
 What might be toward that this sweaty march
 Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
 Who is 't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whipper goes fo,
 Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-

Bralle of *Norweg*,
 Thereto prickon by a most enulous cause, dard to

The coombe, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,

For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
 Did day this Fortenbralle,

Who by a rare compact well ratified, by law
 And heradine, did forfeit with his life all thoe

His lands which he hooded seized of by the conqueror,
 Against the which a moiety competent,

Was gaged by our King:
 Now fir, young Fortenbralle,
 Of inaproued mettles hot and full,

And they of *France* of the chiefest rancke and Nation
 Are of a most fierce and general chiefe in that
 " This abuse all, to thy owne safe be true,
 And it must follow as the night the day,
 " For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man,
 " But not exprest in fashion,
 " Cofferly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy,
 " Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
 " Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
 " Of every new vantage d' courage,
 " Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
 " Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
 " But do not dull the palmes with entreaties,
 " Of every new vantage d' courage,
 " Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
 " Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
 " Cofferly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy,
 " But not exprest in fashion,
 " For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man,
 " And they of *France* of the chiefest rancke and Nation
 Are of a most fierce and general chiefe in that
 " This abuse all, to thy owne safe be true,
 And it must follow as the night the day,

Ham. As hardy as the Nemion Lyons nerve,
 Still am I cold, vnhand me Gentleman;
 By Heauen he make a shoote of him that lets me,
 Away I lay, go on, he follow thee.
Hor. He wasch'd depercate with imagination.
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.
Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this come?
Mar. Lets follow, tis not thus to obey him.
Enter Ghost and Hamlet.
Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou lead me?
Ghost. Make me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit, doo'd for a time
 To walke the night, and all the day
 Confinde in flaming fire,
 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
 Are purged and burnt away.
Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Nay pity me not, but to my vnfolding

Prince of Denmarke.

Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,

The Charitee made is prodigall enough,
 If she ynnaske her beaute to the Moone.

Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious thoughts,

Belient *Ophelia*, therefore keepe a loofe

Lett that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Oph. Brother, to this I haue lent attentive eare,
 And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
 But my deere brother, do not you

Like to a cunning Sophister.

Teache me the paine and ready way to heauen,

While you forgetting what is said to me,
 Your selfe, like to a careless libertine

Doe giue his heart, his appetite at fill,
 And little reckes how that his honour dies.

Leart. No, feare it not my deere *Ophelia*,

Here comes my father, occasion fauiles vpon a second leaue.

Enter Corambus.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes* aboard, aboard, for shame,
 The winde sit in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stand for, there my blessing with thee
 And these few precepts in thy memory,

" Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 " Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
 " Grapple them to thee with a choepe of offeice,
 " But do not dull the palmes with entreaties,
 " Of euery new vantage d' courage,
 " Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
 " Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
 " Cofferly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy,
 " But not exprest in fashion,
 " For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man,
 " And they of *France* of the chiefest rancke and Nation
 Are of a most fierce and general chiefe in that
 " This abuse all, to thy owne safe be true,
 And it must follow as the night the day,

Ham. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had benee there.

Hor. It would a much amazed you.

Ham. Yes, like yesterday, it long:

Hor. White one with moderate pace

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer:

Ham. His beard was grised, no.

Hor. It was as I haue scene it in his life,
 A fable singer.

Ham. I will watch to night, perchance it will walke againe.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,

Ile speake to it, if heell it selfe should gape,

And bid me hold my peace, Gentleman,

If you haue rather consealed this sight,

Lett it be temble in your silence still,

And whatsoever else shall chance to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,

I will iure your loues, so fare you well,
 Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
 Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor.

Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
 Farewell, my fathers spirit in Amnes,

Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,

Would the night were come,

Till then, sit still my foule, foule deets will rise
 Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Enter Leartes and Ophelia.

Leart. My necessaries are imbarckt, I must aboard,

But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:

I see *Prince Hamlet* makes a show of loue

Beware *Ophelia*, do not trust his vowes,
 Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means my Lord.

Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the blood my Lord,
 That bedeckes ore his baregins the sea,

And there assume some other horrible shape,
 Which might deprive your soueraignie of reason,
 And durtie you into madnesse: thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, he follow thee.

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?

I do not feare my life at a pinnesse,

And for my soule, what can it do to that?

Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,

Go on, he follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be wile, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each petty Artie
 As hardy as the Nemion Lyons nerve,
 Still am I cold, vnhand me Gentleman;
 By Heauen he make a shoote of him that lets me,
 Away I lay, go on, he follow thee.

Hor. He wasch'd depercate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.

Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this come?

Mar. Lets follow, tis not thus to obey him.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou lead me?
Ghost. Make me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit, doo'd for a time
 To walke the night, and all the day
 Confinde in flaming fire,
 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
 Are purged and burnt away.
Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Nay pity me not, but to my vnfolding

Prince of Denmarke.

Lend thy listning eare, but that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house

I would talke vnloofe, whose lightest word

Would harrow thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,

Make thy thy bones like ashes start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular haire to stand on end

Like vpon the fretfull Porpenime,

But this time blazon my name shall not be to eares offeish and blood

Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Hor. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghost. Yea, murder in the highest degree,

As in the least tis bad,

But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall

Ham. Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as

meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be

Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in eate

On *Leathe* wharffe: briefe let me be.

Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard

A Serpent sting me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke*

Is with a forged Profes of my death rankely abulde:

But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting

Thy fathers heart, now wears his Crowne.

Ghost. Yea he, that incestuous wretch, womne to his will

O wicked will, and gifts: that haue the power (with gifts,

But vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
 I thought *Lewdnesse* court it in a shape of heauen,
 So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
 Would sit it selfe from a celestiall beide,
 And prey on garbage: but lofe, me thinks
 I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

This will hee say; let mee see what hee will say,
 Many this, I saw him yesterday, or toher day,
 Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
 Or at Tennis, I or drincking drinke, or eating
 Of a howle of lightnes viz. brothell.
 Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
 By indications, finde directions forth,
 And to shal you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
Men. I have my lord.

Cor. Wel, kere you well, commend mee to him.
Men. I will my lord.
Cor. And bid him ply his maulcke
Men. My lord I will.

Enter, Ofelia.
Cor. Farewel how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?
Ofe. O my dear father, such a chang'in nature,
 So great an alteration in a Prince,
 So pitfull to him, fearfull to mee,
 A maidens eye ne'r looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?
Ofe. O young Prince *Hamlet*, the only flower of *Denmarke*,
 Hee is bect of all the wealth he had.
 The lewell that ador'd his feature most
 Is slicht and shone away, his wit's bereft him,
 Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
 There convers hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
 His garter lagging downe, his shooes wide,
 And fixt his eyes to steeke on my face,
 As if they had vow'd, thus their laet obiect.
 Small while hee flood, but gripes mee by the wrist,
 And there he holds my pulve till with a sigh
 He doth vnclepe his hold, and parts away
 Silent, as the midtime of the night: the next day
 And as he went, his eies was fill on mee,
 For thus his head over his shoulder looked,
 Hee seem'd to finde the way without his eies:

Prince of Denmark.

For out of doores he went without their helpe,
 And so did leave me.
Cor. Madde for thy love,
 That have you given him any croffe wordes of flate?
Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
 As you did charge me.
Cor. Why that hath made him madde:
 By heau'n tis as proper for our age to cast
 Beyond our clere, as tis for the younger sort
 To leave their wantonness. Well, I am sory
 That I was so rash: but what remedy?
 Let's to the King, this madnesse may procure,
 Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue.
Exit.

Enter King and Queen, Rosencrance, and Guildenstern.
King. Right noble friends, that our deere cousin *Hamlet*
 Hath lost the very heart of all his senses,
 His most right, and we most sory for him:
 Therefore we doe desire, such as you tender
 Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
 That you will labour but to writing from him
 The cause and ground of his dispeperancie.
Ros. My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
 Doe this, the King of *Denmarke* shall be thankfull.

Ros. My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
 Your matie the may more command in wordes
 Than we performans to your legge men, bound
 By loue, by dutie, and obedience.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
 To know the gride troubles the Prince your soune,
 We will in our all the best we may,
 So in all dreite doe we take our leave.

Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully
 Return'd from *Norwege*.
King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

Prince of Denmark.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*.
 So vncle, therefore you are, there you are.
 Now to the word you said adue: remember mee,
 Soe tis enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.
Cor. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
Mar. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauen's secure him.
Mar. How if my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?
Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tell it.
Ham. No not I, you'l reuel it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
 Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.

Borb. I by heauen, my lord.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
 But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
 you this.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
 I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
 Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
 And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
 Every man hath busines, and desires, such
 As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherishing wordes, my Lord
Ham. I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartely.

Ham. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Petricks* but there is *Horatio*,
 And much offence too, touching this vision,
 It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,

And by the way, I would very much grieve you
 Know how my Lord, I would very much grieve you
 That thing that I haue made tis so, for me not being in
 And I finde it out, if it were bid
 Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
 Ile finde it out, if it were bid
 King. How should wee trie this same?
 Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
 There let *Ofelia* walke with mee comes:
 Your selfe and I will stand close in the gallery,
 There let *Ofelia* walke with mee comes:
 And if you see any otherwise then loue,
 Then let my censure fall on other time.
King. Where hee comes poring vpon a booke.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
 To leave vs here?
Que. With all my hart.

Cor. And here *Ofelia*, read you on this booke,
 And walke aloofe, the King shall be witness.

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point
 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
 No, to sleepe to dreame, I may there it goes,
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
 And borne before an eucliating Iudge,
 From whence no passenger euer return'd,
 The hallow'd, and consecrated countrey, at whole sight
 The happy smile, and the accurted damn'd.
 But for this, the toyfull hope of this,
 Which would beane the Cornes and flattery of the world,
 Scorn'd by the right rich, the rich curst of the poore:

With Amre's yncumberd thus, or this head flake,
Or by pronouncing some vnderfull phrase,
As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would,
Or there be, and if they might, or rich ambiguous:
Guing out to note; that you know might of nice,
This note to do; so gates; and merite
At your most need hepe you; sweare and
Glo. sweare.
Ham. Kell, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what to poore a man as *Hamlet* my; how
To please you; God willing shall not want,
Nay comelict's go together,
But till your fingers on your lippes I pay,
The time is out of toynt; O cutt'd spire,
That cuer I was borne to detir right,
Nay comelict's go together. *Exit.*
Enter Corambis, and Montano.
Cor. *Montano*, here, the cleuters to my fomme,
And bid him pay his learning Good *Montano*,
Mont. I will my lord.
Cor. You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus, I let
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus beate among this acquaintance,
You may say, you saw him at such a time, make you mee,
At game, or drinking, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go forate.
Mont. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
Cor. Hath not a whity, no more a whity,
Now happily see clostch with you in the confiquence,
As you may build it not disparage him a note.
What was I about to say,
Mont. He clostch with him in the confiquence.
Cor. I, you say right, he doctish with him thus,
This

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace, I do not yet
I holde my dectie as I holde my life, against his obit,
Both to my God, and to my louer; my King:
And I beleue, or else this blame of mine
Hunts not the crime of polacke so well
As it had went to do, but I haue found
The very deph of Hamlets inuacite.

Queene God graunt the truth.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now *Voltemer*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Most faire returns of greetings and delites,
Vpon our first he lent forth to sirpuelle, and all other
His nephews leites, which to him apper d
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look t'mo, he truely found
It was against your Higheesse, whereat grieved,
That so his frendfenge, and impotence,
Was falsly borne hand, sends out arrets
On *Fortenbriels*, which he in briefe obays, and of
Rectues d'ucke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his widge, neuer more
To give the ally of *Ame* against your Maistie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Gives him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ thoe souldiers,
So leued as before, against the Polacke,
With an inuacitey heerein farther shewing,
That he would please you to give quiet padding
Through your dominions, for that interceptie
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well, and a fittime and a fittie
Wele reade and iuryere thes his Articles,
Meane tyme we thanke you for your well
Toooke labour: go to your rest, at night we will
Right welcome home.

With

For you for you
Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow
Here consent to sweare,
Her. P'ropole the oth my Lord,
Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.
Glo. Sweare.
Ham. He that old Mole, canst worke in the earth
A gaine vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, as I
Glo. Sweare.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke in the earth
A gaine vpon this sword, once more remoue
A gaine vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, as I
Glo. Sweare.
Ham. He that old Mole, canst worke in the earth
A gaine vpon this sword, once more remoue
A gaine vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, as I
Glo. Sweare.

Prince of Denmark.

Now my Lord, touching the young
Certaine it is that hee matter mad let vs giue him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect
Or else to my the purpose of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,

Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is sure, we often looke: now to the Prince.

My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience

Deliu'd to my hands.

King. Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Make my Lord,

Doubt that in each is fire, to both
Doubt that the flares doe moue,

Doubt truth to be a liar,
But do not doubt I loue.

To the beautiful *Ophelia*,
Thine cuer the most unhappy Prince *Hamlet*.

My Lord, what do you thinke of mee?

I, or what might you thinke when I saue this?

King. As of a true friend and a most louing subject.

Cor. I would be glad to procure so.

Now when I saue this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your floure,
And one that is vncquall for your loue:

Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.

Shee as my child, obediently obey'd mee,
Now since which time seeing his loue thus crost'd,

Which I tooke to be idle, and busifort,
He straightway grew into a melancholy,
From that into a fast, then into distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that into a madnesse,
And

And

What entertainment the Players shall have,
content you.

Gi. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Mandid not

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

Gi. My lord, we laugh'd not at that

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Yes faith this great world you see contents me not,

No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,

No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My Lord, we laugh'd, when you said, Mandid not

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My lord, we laugh'd not at that

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Yes faith this great world you see contents me not,

No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,

No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My Lord, we laugh'd, when you said, Mandid not

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My lord, we laugh'd not at that

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Yes faith this great world you see contents me not,

No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,

No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My Lord, we laugh'd, when you said, Mandid not

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My lord, we laugh'd not at that

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Yes faith this great world you see contents me not,

No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,

No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My Lord, we laugh'd, when you said, Mandid not

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Ham. Why did you laugh then,

When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gi. My lord, we laugh'd not at that

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Ham. Yes faith this great world you see contents me not,

No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,

No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

2 *he T ragedy of Hamlet*

Ham. Into my grave.

Cor. By the marble that's our office here indeed,

Very brewd awakes,

My lord I will take my leave of you.

Enter Guildenstern, and Rosencrance.

I will more willingly part with all,

Older doing fool.

Cor. You seeke Prince Hamlet; heere he is.

Gi. Healt to your Lordship.

Ham. What Guildenstern and Rosencrance,

Welcome kinde; Schoole-fellows to *Elizavous.*

Gi. We thanke your Grace and would be very glad

You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I thank you, but is this visitation free of

Your felues, or were you not sent for?

Tell me true come I know the good King and *Queene*

Sent for you; there is a kinde of confession in your eye:

Come, I know you were sent for.

Gi. What say you?

Ham. Nay when I see how the wind sits,

Come, you were sent for.

Ros. My lord, we were, and willing 'twixt we might,

Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want prettment.

Ros. I thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith this great world you see contents me not,

No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,

No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

Content not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gi. My lord, we laugh'd not at that

Content you.

What entertainment the Players shall have,

For

Why these Players here draw water from eyes:

Ham. Why what a dunge-hill idiot flauie am I?

Exeunt, all but Hamlet.

Gi. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.

Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,

And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

And doe you heare first? take heede you mocke him not.

Ham. I is well, I thanke you; follow that lord;

Which I would set downe and inferre?

Some dozen or sixtene lines,

Ham. And could fit not thou for a neede studie me

plaiers? Yes my Lord.

Ham. Come hitter maisters, can you not play the muni-

cter of *Comedies*?

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes.

The lesse they desire, the greater credit's yours.

Ham. O fare better man, 'twixt every man after his delects.

Then who should scape whipping?

Vie them after your owne honor and dignitie,

And briefe abstracts of the time,

After your death I can tell you.

You were better haue a bad Epiteth,

Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will vie them according to their delects.

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

It would haue made much the better of eyes of heauen?

Cor. Look my lord if the hath not changed his colour,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Will you see the Players well bestowed,

And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart,

Same name me you gracious
Powers above and honour over me,
With your celestial wings,
Doe you not come your fardy fomme to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge flippe by?
O do not glare with looks so pitifull!
Lest that my heart of Stone yeelde to compulsion,

And

Enter the Ghost in his white gowne.

Some name me you gracious
Powers above and honour over me,
With your celestial wings,
Doe you not come your fardy fomme to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge flippe by?
O do not glare with looks so pitifull!
Lest that my heart of Stone yeelde to compulsion,

He made to you in marriage and he is dead.
Murderd, damnable murderd, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Claudius*.

A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eye,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same have you left to change with this
What Duell thus hath colouded you at hob-man blinder?

Al haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deere husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed!

Queen O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leave him that bare a *Monaster* minde,
For a king of drowts, of very *Streds*.

Queen Sweete Hamlet cease.
Ham. Nay but fill to perfit and dwell in finne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of finfame,
To make increafe of haime, to scale damnation.

Queen Hamlet, no more.
Ham. Why appetite with you is in the wains,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Whole childe hose blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast!

Queen Hamlet, thou cleares my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the
better!

Enter the Ghost in his white gowne.

Some name me you gracious
Powers above and honour over me,
With your celestial wings,
Doe you not come your fardy fomme to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge flippe by?
O do not glare with looks so pitifull!
Lest that my heart of Stone yeelde to compulsion,

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

You would seeme to know my staps, you would play vpon
me,
You would search the very inward part of my hart,
And diuine into the secret of my soule.
Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be playd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can not fret me, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.
Ref. How a sponge my Lord!

Ham. I first a sponge, that soaks vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewards, that makes
His libralitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the king, in the end, best seruise,
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nutts,
In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, tis but queesting of you,
And sponge you shall be dry againe, you shall.
Ref. We! my Lord we! take our leave.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.
Exit Rossest of and Gildersome.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

Enter Corambis
Cor. My lord, the *Queen* would speake with you.
Ham. Doe you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. O: like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night *Horatio*.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of *Nere* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural.

And every part that should assist reuenge,
Forge their proper powers, and fall to pity.
Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time putt it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted looks,
That thy mother's teardull, and the *Flands* amaze:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weakie,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.
Ham. How'll with you Lady?
Queen Nay, how'll with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?
Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queen No: I.
Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?
Queen Nonether.
Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he lincd looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he scales away out of the *Porall*,
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost*
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a soule, I were by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horrid murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget this idle fits:
Ham. Idle, no mother, my puld doth beate like yours,
It's not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father lous
Forebare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by iinke as you may,
In time it may be you will lothe him quiet
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.
Queen Hamlet, I vow by that maids
That

He presently came to my head, for he must die,
There's more in this than my words can see:
He once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time putt it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted looks,
That thy mother's teardull, and the *Flands* amaze:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weakie,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.
Ham. How'll with you Lady?
Queen Nay, how'll with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?
Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queen No: I.
Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?
Queen Nonether.
Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he lincd looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he scales away out of the *Porall*,
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost*
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a soule, I were by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horrid murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget this idle fits:
Ham. Idle, no mother, my puld doth beate like yours,
It's not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father lous
Forebare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by iinke as you may,
In time it may be you will lothe him quiet
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.
Queen Hamlet, I vow by that maids
That

Enter Fortinbras, Drumme and Souldiers

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greet
The king of *Denmarke*:
I tell him that *Fortenbras* nephew to old *Norway*,
Craves a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Ransome march away.

enter King and Qyene.
King Hamlet is ship't for *England* safe him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If euer thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queen God grant it may, hee is keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
Hath quierd to the young *Ofelias* heart,
That she, the poore manag'd, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*,
And he hath haife the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee le forget his fathers death,
Valesse by some means he be pacified.

Qy. O see where the young *Ofelia* is!
*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe hanging.*
Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staffe,

Enter Hamlet and the Lords.
King. My lord, we can by no means
Know of him where the body is.
Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where

King. Now Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.
Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, your sonn shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossius* and *Gilderskiffes*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happy the aire and climate of the Countrey
May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. My lord, we can by no means
Know of him where the body is.
Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where

King. Now Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, your sonn shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossius* and *Gilderskiffes*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happy the aire and climate of the Countrey
May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Enter the King and Lords.
King. Gertrud, what sayes our sonn, how doe you
finde him?
Queen. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whens he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throws and tolls me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Cornelius*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
King. Why this his madnelle will vndoe our state.
Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.
King. We will my Lord.

Where he is eaten, a certaine company of pollicke wormes
are euen now at him.
Father, your faire King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices: two dishes to one meesse:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King.
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.
King. What of this?
Ham. Nothing father, butto tell you, how a King
May get a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.
King. But some *Hamlet*, where is this body?
Ham. In heauen: if you chance to miste him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.
King. You make haste and finde him out.
Ham. May doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
The warrant you hee le saye till you come.
King. Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in case of you: but specially
in tender preferance of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*.
The winde fits faire, you shall aborde to night,
Lord *Rossius* and *Gilderskiffes* shall goe along with you.
Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.
King. Your louing father, *Hamlet*.
Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewell for *England* hee.
King. Gertrud, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To *England* is he gone, he re to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of *England*,
That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,
He

No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe.
Cor. Madame, I heare young *Hamlet* comming,
The snowde my selfe behind the Arras.
Queen. Do so my Lord.
Ham. Mother, mother: O are you here?
How is it with you mother?
Queen. How is it with you?
Ham. He tell you, but first wee'l make all safe.
Queen. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
Queen. How now boy?
Ham. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you
shall heare me speake.
Queen. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
speake.
Cor. Helpe for the *Queen*.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Ducke:
Rath intruding foole, farewell,
Iooke thee for thy better.
Queen. *Hamlet*, what hast thou done?
Ham. Not much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. How! kill a king!
Ham. I a King: may fit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitible fluffe,
The make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horrid there and blacke it flows. (words)
Queen. *Hamlet*, what meanst thou by these killing
Ham. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture of your deceased husband,
See here a face, so offence *Mars* him selfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at:
A front wherein all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guide his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that you,
He

Which once unbear'd, then the world shall heare
 Leartes had a father he held deere.
 You shall heare that you do not deeme vpon. *exit own.*

Enter Horatio and the Queen.
Hor. Madame, your soune is safe arriv'd in Denmarkes,
 Thar fiercer I euen now receiv'd of him,
 Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
 And subde treason that the king had plotted,
 Being cross'd by the contention of the windes,
 He found the Packet sent to the king of England,
 Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
 As at his next conuention with your grace,
 He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen. I then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
 That seem'd to sigat or to his villanie:
 But I will looke and please him for a time,
 For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
 But know not you *Horatio* wherch he is?
Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
 To morrow morning
 To morrow morning.
Queen. O fallenot, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
 A mothers care to him, bid him a while *(murd me*
 Be way of his preience, lest that he
 Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
 I thinke by this the news be come to court:
 He is arriv'd, obteine the king, and you shall
 Quickly finde *Hamlet* being here,
 Things fell not to his minde.

Queen. But what became of *Gildenstone* and *Rosencrance*?
Hor. He being retahore, they went for England,
 And in the Packet there writ down that doome
 To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
 And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,

So all was done without disconuice.
Queen. Thanks be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
 With thousand mothers blessings to my soune.
Horatio. Madam adoe.

Enter King and Leartes.
King. Hamlet from England is it possible?
 What chance is this; they are gone, and he come home.
Leart. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
 At it my round heart doth teape for toy,
 That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies:
King. Leartes, content your selfe becnide by me,
 And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.
Leart. My will, not all the world.
King. Nay but Leartes, make the plot I haue layd,
 I haue heard him often with a greedy will,
 Vpon some prail that he hath heard of you
 Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
 He might be oncrasked for to try your cunning.
Leart. And how for this?

King. Mary Leartes thus: I lay a wager,
 Shale on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue hee oddes,
 The which will draw him with a more desire,
 To try the malfiry, that in twelue venes
 You gaue not three of him: now this being granted,
 When you are hot in midst of all your play,
 Among the foyles shall a keene zapricke,
 Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
 That first drawes but the least dramme of blood,
 In any part of him, he cannot liue:
 This being done will fire yourf from suspicion,
 And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* should e
 Will euer haue Leartes indispect.

Leart. My lord I like it well:
 But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match,
King. Ile warrant you, we'll e put on you

Why maist not he come Lawyer?
 Me thinks he should indite that fellow
 Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
 Him about where he was now, you vouchers
 Double vouchers, and face-holds,
 And tencementment, and such a ones
 How de the comience of this land, and must
 The honor lie there? O pittifull transforment
 I prethee tell me *Horatio*,
 Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lords, and of calbes-skinnes too.
Ham. Ifaith they procure themselves theespe and calbes
 That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
 That is another why may not that be such a ones
 Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
 When he ment to be him? *Horatio*, I prethee
 Lets question yonder fellow.
 Now my friend, whose graue is this?
Clowne. Mine sir.
Ham. But who must lie in it?
Clowne. If I should say, I should, I should lie in it:
Ham. What man must be buried here?
Clowne. No man sir.
Clowne. No woman?
Clowne. No woman neither sir, nor indeede
 One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
 This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the peasant,
 Comes to nere the heele of the courtier,
 That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
 How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rot?
Clowne. I faith sir, if hee be not rotted before
 He be laide in, as we haue many pocky cofes,
 He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
 Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

And his fardall shoon.
 White his as mountaine snowe,
 Larded with sweete flowers
 With lours showrs:
 He is dead and good Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grass-greenesse tuiffe,
 At his heels a stone.

King. How! with you sweete *Ofelia*?
Ofelia. Well God yeeld you,
 It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
 I could not chule but weep:
 And will he not come againe?
 And will he not come againe?
 No, no, he's gone, and we cast away mones,
 And he neuer will come againe.
 His beard as white as snowe:
 All flaxen was his pole,
 He is dead, he is gone,
 And we cast away moane:
 God amercy on his soule.
 And of all christen soules I pray God.
 God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

King. A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
 O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
 Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
 To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
 How now, what noyse is that?
Enter Leartes.
Leart. Say there vntill I come,
 O thou wilde-king, giue me my father:
 Sprake, say, where's my father?
King. Dead.
Leart. Who hath murdered him? speake, ife not
 Be juggled with, for he is murdered.
Queen. True, but not by him. **H**

Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will,
And lest that all should misse,
Ie have a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happiness.

Lea. 'Tis excellent, O would the time were come
Here cometh the Queene. *Enter the Queene.*
king How now Getred, why looke you so heavily?

Queen O my Lord, the young *Ostia*
Having made a garden of stand y' lootes of flowers,
Sitting upon a willow by a brooke,
The envious spig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,
Bore the yong Lady vp; and there she fate smilng
Euen Mermaid-like, twixt heaven and earth,
Charming olde lady tunes vncapable
As it were off her distelle, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heavy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lea. So she is drown'd;
Too much of water hath thou *Ostia*,
Therefore I will not drown thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is my will y'eld this heart relecte,
For woe beget woe, and griefe hangs on griefe.

Enter Cloone and an other.
Cloone Layne, she ought not to be buried
In churshan buriall.

2. Why first?

Cloone Mary became shee's drown'd.

2. But she did not drown her selfe.

Cloone No, that's certain, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Cloone No, I deny that for looke you fr, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drown me not my selfe:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

Lea. By whom, by heaven I le be refused.
Let him goe *Getred* away I feare him not,
T here's such diuinitie doth walk a king.

king That treason dares not looke on.
I let him goe *Getred* for it
T is the most foule of foule
Being the chiefe pillar of our state:
Therefore reuenge you will like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop vpon him like a winged vulture.

Lea. To his good friends thus wide I le open mine armes,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reuendement but by blood.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in foule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a winnell,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ostia as before.
Lea. Who's this *Ostia*? O my deere sister
It'st possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortal as an olde mans sawe?
O heauens themselves! how now *Ostia*?

Ostia Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of flowers
Here, here is reu for you,
You may call it heart a grace a Sundayes,
Heres's come for me to : you must weare your reu
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rofemary for you
For remembrance : I pray Loue remember
And there's pansie for thoughts.

Lea. A document in madnes, though his remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ostia There is fennell for you, I would a gin in you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle wits
A Bakers daughter, we see what we ate,
But can not tell what we shall be.

Prince of Denmarkes

For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.
Lea. Thoughts & Affections soments worse than hell.
Ostia Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe.

And you a downe, 'tis a the King's daughter.
And the faire steward, and any body, you shall
Aske you of any thing, say you this.

To morrow is iaine Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:

The yong man stole, and dand his clothes,
And durst the chamber doore,
I'xin the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.

Nay I pray make now,
By gillie, and by faint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doe't when they come too'te
By cocke, they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So Godbe with you all, God by Ladies,
God by you Loue.

Lea. Gete upon griefe, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Curd be his foule that wrought this wicked age,
king Content you good Learas for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a flood,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
And thinke already the reueng is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Lea. You haue prevaild my Lord, a while I le thinke
To bury griefe within a tombe of wraith,

Why maist not be the Gull of some Lawyer?
Me thinks he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Baittere, for knocking
Him about the pate with'st thou in now where is your
Quirks and quillers now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leas and free-holds,
And tencments: why that same boxe there will cease
Hold the conscience of this land, and must
I prethee tell me *Etoratio*,
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lord, and of calues-skinnes too.
Ham. Hailth they procure themselves theespe and calues
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
T here's another, why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? *Etoratio*, I prethee
Let's question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose graue is this?
Cloone Mine fir.
Ham. But who must lie in it?
Cloone If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat
Ham. What man must be buried here?
Cloone No man fir.
Ham. What woman?
Cloone. No woman neither fir, but indeede
One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
T his fawen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the peafant,
Comes to nere the heele of the courtier,
T hat hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Cloone I faith fir, if hee be not rotted before
He be laide in, as we haue many poekey cofes,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

